

Mrs. Devnew, Teacher

English 09

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A Transplanted Virginia Beach Bum

Ring! I heard the annoying bell scream at us to end the day at Kellam High School. As I walked in my office after teaching class, I was exhausted from jumping around and teaching in my usual hyper way. I plopped down in my chair, and a wonderful thought occurred to me--I live at the shore! I decided to pack up my books, jump in my car, and head home. Ten minutes later, I was changed and on my bike heading for the beach. The shore is my very favorite place, and the things I saw, heard, and felt that day were joys to my senses.

My eyes took in the many beautiful sights of the oceanfront. The numerous neon lights of Atlantic Street invited me to continue my journey toward the glorious waves. As I cut through the beach access at Twenty-fourth Street, I saw the beautiful light blue sky merge with the sparkling seawater. Poised carelessly above the horizon were almost edible cream-puff clouds. The waves crashing on the shore seemed to call my name, inviting me to take a late afternoon swim. The final images my eyes discerned were the many people blotting the sand. There were tanned ones, hairy ones, fat ones, skinny ones, muscular ones, young ones, old ones, and me, an observer to this interesting scene. These things had to be the most beautiful things my eyes could view.

Next, I drank in the varied sounds of the scene. The wind rustled the palm trees high above my head. The seagulls cried and competed in volume with the buzzing advertising planes that flew by. The dull hum of traffic on the strip was a negative clash with the sound of the waves lapping on the shore. I heard one child yell, "Hey mom...look at me!" Others were laughing. A couple was chatting about work, and I even heard myself take a deep, relaxing breath. All of the sounds were a beautiful melodious accompaniment for my afternoon of winding down.

Finally, a buffet of feelings overwhelmed me. A cool breeze overpowered the sun's attempt to warm me. As I walked on the shore, I could feel the chilly water and the grainy sand between my happy toes. The uneven shoreline caused my feet to stumble, and the ocean mist lightly moistened my cheeks. After I lay on the sand and buried my feet, I felt the tiny, thread-like legs of a sand-fiddler crab trailing across my leg. All of these sensations made me glad that I lived so close to God's wonderful ocean.

The sights, sounds, and feelings I experienced that day were heavenly. I hated for my nautical odyssey to come to an end. The joys of nature reminded me that we often take these wonderful aspects of life for granted. I vowed that very day to remember my Virginia Beach sojourn. Next time I have an urge to vegetate in front of my television, I will look back on that day, and I will rush to the shore, opening my senses to a wonderful, natural, and familiar seashore paradise.